

LOWER SANDUSKY FREEMAN.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 27.

The Lower Sandusky Freeman.

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Times of holding Courts in the 13th Circuit, 1849.
Sandusky.—March 26, June 18, October 15th.
Erie.—March 19, May 21, October 1st.
Uron.—March 12, June 4, September 18.
Wood.—April 2, October 23.
Ottawa.—May 1, September 10.
Lucas.—April 6, June 25, Oct. 26.

1849.] C. R. McCULLOCH, 1849.
DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.
Lower Sandusky, Ohio.

RALPH P. BUCKLAND,
ATTORNEY and Counselor at law and Solicitor in Chancery, will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties.
Office—Second story of McCulloch's Drug store.

JOHN L. GREENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Prosecuting Attorney for Sandusky county, Ohio, will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity.
Office at the Court House.

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Lower Sandusky, O.

Fox & Beauprand,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS:
RESPECTFULLY tender their professional services to the citizens of Lower Sandusky and vicinity.
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LA Q. RAWSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOWER SANDUSKY OHIO.
May 26, 849. 14

Millinery and Dressmaking.
MISS L. E. LENON,
WOULD inform the Ladies of Lower Sandusky, and vicinity, that she is prepared to do work in the neatest manner and in the fashion.
RESIDENCE, nearly opposite the Methodist Church.
May 26, '49. 14:3m.

PORTAGE COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.
LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Wanted at this Office.
10 CORDS good Hickory and Ash wood. To those who have promised us Wood we say, we want it now. Freeman Office, L. Sandusky, May 26.

Poetry.

For the Freeman.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.
The passing seasons as they roll,
Fling their charms around the soul,
And like fresh dewdrops from the sky,
Revive the drooping flower;
They work upon our sympathy,
Like evening's starlight hour.
Spring with buoyant step and light,
Rises o'er winter's ice-clad tomb,
And like the sun to captive's sight,
The flowers start to life and bloom—
And o'er the ashes of the dead
It rears its sweetly scented head.

The gushing stream and "dancing rill,"
Hath burst away from winter's chill,
And now they're free from frost and blight,
They wind their music through the night,
And ever as the morning's glow
Sparkles through the dripping leaves,
They chant their anthems sad and low,
Their praise to God through heaven's cleaves.

The opening buds with welcome sweet,
Smiles to the dawn's first beam,
Each earthen leaf expands to meet,
The Orient's radiant gleam.

But soon the summer's simoon blight
Will wither the fair rose,
And autumn with its annual night
Shall o'er thy being close;
And thy incense no more shall rise,
For with thy bloom thy perfume dies.

And thy various tinted leaf,
By passing winds thrown down,
Shall sigh to us that life is brief,
As summer's garland crown;
Yet fading nature hath a charm,
Beyond frail art our hearts to warm.

And as we roam amid the pile
Of leaves and branches fell'd,
Our "soul with grandeur's fill'd" the while,
And wrap our senses held—
Thought soars above this changeful earth,
To contemplate our reason's birth;

When life and breath and vain things all,
Are crush'd and ground to death's dust fall.
O! I love, when winds are raving,
Amid the dark, dim wood,
And autumn leaves the sky is living,
With an ever constant flood,

To wander forth alone, and draw
Experience from nature's law.
There is warning in each paltry thing,
That's withered 'neath the ray,
The sun has borne upon its wing,
In the meridian day—
The sunset oaks in life and pride,
That with his side and side,
That long ago decayed and died.

And so must we in beautiful strength,
D-day and rot to earth at length,
And the autumn blast will gather us home,
As it does the leaves when they wayward ram
Sept. 31, 1849. C.

Miscellaneous.

A Second Elysium.

An old man of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the police court of Philadelphia. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than their proprietor himself.

"What business do you follow Wilmot?"
"Business? None! I'm a traveler."
"A vagabond, perhaps!"
"You are not far wrong, travelers and vagabonds are much the same thing. The only difference is, that the latter travel without money, and the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"
"All over the continent."
"For what purpose?"
"Observation."

"What have you observed?"
"A little to commend, much to censure and very much to laugh at."

"Umph! and what do you commend?"
"A handsome woman that will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon; a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"
"A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing; a working man who believes in the sympathies of professional gentlemen; a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands; people who elect a drunkard or block-head to an office."

"What do you laugh at?"
"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

"Oh, I perceive you are an utterer of pithy sentences, now I'm about to utter one that will surprise you."

"A pithy sentence from your honor would indeed be a matter of astonishment."

"My sentence is, that you discontinue traveling for the term of thirty days, while you rest and recruit yourself at Moyamensing."

This retort was a poser, and Mr. Wilmot submitted to the requirements of the vagrant act, and retired from the halls of justice, in company with the sheriff, without uttering another syllable. [Pennsylvanian.]

"What business are you in now Jim," asked a friend of an acquaintance, whom he met in a fashionable saloon.
"Me! oh, I am in the dry goods business; I've just been purchasing."
"The dry goods business, eh? why I heard you were loafing."
"I mean," replied Jim, "that being particularly 'dry' just now, I purchased some thing 'good.'"

There are over a thousand princes in Germany, great and small, who receive annually from the people over two hundred million dollars; while a laborer works eighteen hours in twenty-four for seventy-two cents per week.

DEAR PAPA, DIE SOBER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

William Jones was a sad drunkard. From comfort, his unhappy family were reduced almost to beggary, and his poor wife had ceased to hope for any change for the better. Drinking always debases the mind and renders it selfish and unfeeling. There was a time when a better husband and father than Jones could nowhere be found. But that time had long since gone by. So low had he sunk, that only a single human feeling remained, and that was the love he bore to his youngest child, a dear little boy of seven years old. And it was the influence of little Willy that at last saved him. Let me tell how this good result was brought about.

One evening Mr. Jones came home to his family, after having spent more than half of his day's earnings in drink, stupid as usual, with liquor. Even if there was a little cheerfulness among the members of his household, it always disappeared when he came. It so happened that Willy's sister was learning him a little song when the door opened, and in staggered the wretched father. Instantly their little voices were hushed; and so much was the child affected by the sudden darkening of the light which had for a little while shone through the clouds ever hanging over them, that he burst into tears and wept and sobbed bitterly.

Mr. Jones had heard the sweet voice of his youngest and best beloved child, blended with that of his sister, and had paused for a little while outside to sounds so new and strange in his dwelling. He could not but notice the sudden hush his presence produced; and when this was followed by the sobbing and crying of Willy, he felt disturbed. The child did not run to meet him as usual, and when he held out his hand, and said—
"Come here, Willy, and tell me what's the matter with you?"

Willy, though he tried to stifle his sobs, did not at first go to his father. At length, however, he was on his knees, and his sad, tearful face, nestled down upon his bosom.

"What made you cry, dear? Come, tell me?" These words Mr. Jones repeated over and over again; and at last, said, "why did you stop singing when I came in?"

The child was silent.
"Why, Willy, say?"
Willy raised his eyes, still brim full of tears, to his father's face, and said, in a whisper that reached only his ears.

"We can't sing when you come!"
"Why not? I would like to hear you sing!"
"We feel so bad that we choke right up."
"Why do you feel so bad, Willy?"
"Because—because—you never come home sober."

These words of Willy's, uttered in so sad a whisper, were to the heart of the father, like a nail in a sure place. He said no more, but all the evening sat silent and thoughtful. And what was stranger still, did not go out to spend an hour or two in the ale house as was his custom. Willy sobbed himself to sleep in his arms.

On the next evening, unexpected to all, Mr. Jones came home to his family as sober as when he left in the morning. The children looked at him, wondering; and their mother, hardly crediting her own eyes, became so agitated that she could hardly finish preparing the evening meal.

It was a glad time to all, when Mr. Jones declared, at the supper table, that he had signed the pledge. Mrs. Jones burst into tears and cried for joy; the older children's faces beamed with light, and Willy getting off his chair, climbed into his father's lap, and putting his arms around his neck, kissed him and then laid his head upon his breast. So touching an expression of the child's joy deeply affected Mr. Jones and made him more earnestly resolved never again to taste the maddening poison which had well nigh destroyed him body and soul.

In a little while, every thing became changed in the home of Mr. Jones. There were better food and better clothing for all. A hundred little comforts, to which all had been strangers, came in, one after another, keeping ever fresh in mind the blessed reformation that had taken place. The voices, attuned to the cheerful songs no longer trembled into silence when the father appeared; but, rather, took a gladder expression. If there was one of the children happier than the rest it was Willy.

A year or two made still more apparent the blessings of temperance. Mr. Jones had moved into a larger house, and bought new furniture. The children were all at good schools, and the oldest daughter was receiving lessons from a music teacher. The mother, instead of being worn down by toil and sorrow, had now as much assistance as she needed in the family, and her face had ever a happy look.

About two years after Mr. Jones signed the pledge, he was taken down with a severe illness, which lasted many days, and brought him to the verge of the grave. His family as might be supposed, were in great distress. After the disease had abated, the sick man remained very low, and the doctor became very anxious lest the enfeebled powers of his system, should instead of recovering themselves, become entirely exhausted.

Once, on visiting Mr. Jones, he said—
"I think I will order you a little brandy twice a day."

"I would rather not take brandy, doctor," replied the sick man.

"I am sure it will do you good."

"And I know it will do me harm, doctor. I have not tasted a drop of any kind of liquor for two years, and do not intend drinking any more as long as I live."

"Only order the brandy as a medicine; not as a beverage," said the doctor. "You stand absolutely in need of a stimulant. I am anxious to quicken your vital system, I am seriously afraid you will never be raised from this bed."

"While I, doctor," said the sick man, with great seriousness, "am afraid that life obtained through the agency of brandy would be to me a curse instead of a blessing."

"Why do you say that?" inquired the doctor.
"Because one draught of that fiery liquid would awaken a slumbering appetite, which I am fearful I could not control. I am a reformed man, doctor."

The doctor after remaining silent for some time, said—
"I ought not, Mr. Jones, to disguise from you the fact, that you are in a very critical situation. This disease, which I have succeeded in breaking; has left you so low that it is doubtful, if unassisted by some stimulant, nature will have power to rally."

am sure a teaspoonful of brandy once or twice a day, diluted with a little water, would be of the greatest service. Life is too precious to be thrown away, when the means of saving it is at hand."

Willy, who had scarcely ever left his father's room, was sitting upon the bed, listening with all attention to what the doctor was saying. Mr. Jones did not immediately reply. He closed his eyes, and remained evidently in earnest thought, for nearly a minute. He then said—
"Doctor the life of the body is the life of the soul. I will not, to save the one, put in jeopardy the other. If I am to die, let me die sober."

The doctor seemed half offended at this, and replied a little coldly—
"Just as you please."

Bade his patient good morning. On the next day, when he again called to see him, no improvement was apparent. But, on the contrary, it was plain the sick man was failing. His feet and hands were cold, and he lay in a half stupor.

Again the physician proposed the use of a little brandy.
"Madam," he said to Mrs. Jones, "unless your husband will consent to take some stimulant, I see no hope of his recovery."

Distressed and bewildered, the poor wife knew not what to say or do. The life of her husband was precious to her, for since his reformation, he had been kind, provident, and tender to all in his happy household. But, from the thought of putting brandy to his lips, which she knew must inflame his appetite, her heart shrank with sickening dread. For some time she would see him in the grave than have him fall away again—for in such a fall there would be no hope. She answered the doctor's appeal not in words but with tears.

The wet eyes of his wife appeared to arouse the sick man from a stupor that had come over him.—
"To leave her and the children alone and unprotected in the world was hard."

"Doctor," he said in a feeble voice, lifting his head and resting it upon his hand.
"Doctor, tell me truly; do you not think there is great danger in one like me tasting brandy or any other intoxicating liquor?"

"There certainly is some danger," replied the doctor, "of having the old desire excited by so doing. But you must remember, that the stimulant is given as a medicine; and it will be your duty as a man and as a Christian to resist and control the morbid appetite when you feel it."

It is easy to say that doctor, for one who has never been cursed with a drunkard's fiery appetite. But—

He murmured indistinctly the closing sentence.
"As your physician," said the doctor, after remaining silent for some minutes, and he spoke in a firm voice, "I prescribe a teaspoonful of brandy, in an equal quantity of water. It is my duty to save life, and I see no other way."

"As your patient, then, I suppose I must submit," returned Mr. Jones, in a low, desponding voice.—
"Life is precious for the sake of my wife and little ones."

As he said this, Willy, who had been on the bed listening earnestly, since the doctor came in, crept forward, and throwing his arms around his father, murmured in his ear, yet so distinctly that all heard the words—
"Dear papa! die sober!"

Whether the child clearly understood the full meaning of his words or not, they thrilled through the hearts of all present. Instantly the sick man's arms were clasped about the boy, and he responded in a firm voice—
"Yes, if die I must, it shall be sober! I will not touch the accursed thing."

Better and safer than brandy, proved this heart warming and exciting stimulus. From that moment the vital powers of the invalid rallied, and in a few weeks he was well again.

What has been.

What is that to you? It is of no consequence if he has been one of the most wicked and abandoned men. He is not so now. We care not what evil a man has done, provided he has heartily repented and now strives to live an upright, consistent life. Instead of looking back a dozen or twenty years to know what a person is, you should inquire, what is he now? What is his present character? If you find his reformation is altogether sincere, and that he laments his past errors, take him cordially by the hand and bid him God speed in his noble pursuit. We are no friends to those who would rake up past sins and vices to condemn one who is resolved to be upright and virtuous. Many a person is driven back to the paths of vice who might have become an ornament to society, but for the disposition too common among men, to rake up and drag to the light, long forgotten iniquities. We always admired the reply of an admirable daughter to her father, who was asked respecting a young man of her acquaintance—"No," replied the girl—"I do not know where he comes from, but I know where he is going, and I wish to go with him." That is right. If we see a person on the right track—exerting a good influence—it is sufficient, without enquiring what has been his character heretofore. If he has reformed, what more can we desire? What benefit will it be to us to uncover and expose to the light deeds of which he is heartily ashamed, and of which he has heartily repented. [Olive Branch.]

Now—Standing, a few days since, by the bedside of a man who was sinking in the agonies of Asiatic cholera, he turned his glassy eyes upon me, and said: "A few hours more, a few hours more to prepare!" Thirty minutes after, I met one of his neighbors hurrying through the streets towards the undertaker's. Poor J—was already in another world. How often had the unhappy man heard from my pulpit, "Now is the expected time," but never had I proclaimed that warning to him so earnestly as he did to me in that dying cry. "A few hours more, a few hours more!" And from a thousand deathbeds comes the same announcement every day—"Now is the accepted time," echoes in the ears of every living man. To the impatient man, the voice proclaims, now is time to make your peace with God. To the minister of Christ it says, now is the time to press the religion of the gospel on every conscience. To the church member it says, now is the time for prayer and earnest labor, for mayhap, the Judge standeth at the very door!

Punch says he knows a man so fat that they grease wagon wheels with his shadow.

Dissolution of the Union.

From the address of Geo. W. Bethune, lately delivered at Cambridge, Mass., we extract the following paragraph:

"Suppose, for one melancholy moment, that this beautiful economy of exchange were broken up;—that the western valleys were shut out from the sea by adverse governments; that those on the coast were hemmed in to their own narrow limits by hostile forts along the mountain ridges; that between the north and the south there were neither commercial nor moral sympathy; that at every state line passports were demanded and a tariff set—who must not shrink from describing the terrible consequences; the stagnation of trade; the silence of brotherly counsel; the constant feuds; the multiplication of armies; the Cain-like, exterminating wars; the overthrow of law by military dictators; the utter ruin of all that makes us prosperous at home and respected abroad; the sure catastrophe, moral and national death! Oh that those who, for any reason, talk lightly of dissolving this Union, would consider the immensely greater evils such a rupture would inevitably cause, the awful guilt it would bring upon themselves! Whatever may be the cant of words, no lover of law could ever kindle the torch of such incendiaryism, no lover of peace provoke such fratricidal slaughter, no lover of freedom plot for such general slavery, no lover of God and man undermine the eminent watchtower whose light is now shedding over the world such bright promise of a universal brotherhood. Were it possible that an American womb could be so cursed as to bring forth so diabolical a monster, and the malignant Erastus could be successful, a foul, bitter, heaven-compelling cry would go up from all the earth, swelling by generation after generation, until the final fires shall have swept to hell all trace of human crimes: 'Anathema! Anathema! ANATHEMA! MARANATHA!'

The Expeditions against Cuba.

The extracts below are from the New York correspondent of the Washington Union. The statements are to be relied on. They contain matters of importance connected with the movement supposed to be against the island of Cuba. We give them for what they are worth: [Cin. Gaz.]

Under these circumstances, and under the belief that the English, French and American population of the island will gladly exchange the antiquated rule of old Spain, for laws institutions, privileges and influences in the State, more in accordance with the spirit of the age, a large number of wealthy Creole families and individuals, are preparing to assert the independence of the island, on the first favorable opportunity. They have bought arms, military stores, &c., to a large extent, in this country and England, almost all of which have long since passed the jurisdiction of the United States and Great Britain, having been landed and stored (not in Cuba, but elsewhere) at points most convenient for the purposes of the native Cubans.

For two years past they have been buying such merchandise liberally among us, as in England;—and there are now a large number of wealthy and patriotic Creoles of the island, in the United States, ostensibly traveling for pleasure, but really picking out men from among those who distinguished themselves in the Mexican war; whose names and experience would, if identified in the first movement, be likely to create a deeper sympathy in their cause in the breast of the American people; while it could not fail to inspire confidence in their ultimate success on the part of the residents of their island.

Thus it is understood, that had Gen. Worth lived, he would ere this have resigned his commission in the American army, and commenced planning in Cuba to be ready to head the movement wherever essayed. The leaders in the proposed enterprise—those who furnish the means—undoubtedly considered him pledged to this purpose; have been sadly put to it to supply the want of an American commander-in-chief, of gallant daring, great experience and reputation—equal in moral effect, to half an army.

Many women who come from Europe and intend residing permanently in the United States, think that they cannot expect to vote, there is no use in their becoming naturalized, but this is a very serious mistake. By the law, the property of women not naturalized, whose husbands die, escheats to the State, and it is the duty of the Attorney-General to see that estates, which would descend to the wife, if she was a citizen, are taken by the State. Previous to the year 1845 public informers could draw the one-eighth of property informed of and thus seized, but by a change of the law this is no longer the case. It is now left in the power of persons who are at enmity with a widow thus to inform and have her all taken away. Of course, cases of this kind are few; the widow is usually allowed to enjoy her property unmolested but she cannot make a title to it, and if she attempts to sell, or when she dies and her heirs dispose of her estate, litigation almost certainly ensues, and on examination the State seizes this property in dispute. Cases of this kind are constantly occurring—thousands of dollars are thus lost annually, and all women not naturalized should become so at once. [N. Y. Sun.]

CORN BREAD.—We are in the daily habit of eating corn bread made after the following recipe, by our good landlady, Mrs. Norton, of Astoria. It is equal to anything we have tasted:

To one quart of sour milk add two spoonfuls, well stirred in, of pulverized saleratus, two eggs well beaten, one table spoonful of brown sugar, and a piece of butter as large as an egg. Salt to suit the taste, and then stir in the meal, making the mixture about as stiff as for pound cake. Now comes the great secret of its goodness. Bake quick—to the color of a rich, light brown. Eat it moderately warm, with butter, cheese, honey or sugar-house molasses, as most agreeable to the palate. [Amer. Agricul.]

Henry M. Fuller, of Luzerne co., was nominated by the Pennsylvania Whig State convention on the 16th ult. as the candidate for canal commissioner.

How beautiful," said a lady, "the face of nature looks after undergoing a shower." "Yes, madam," replied a wag, "and so would yours after undergoing a similar process."

Farther News by the Niagara.

THE DOWNFALL OF HUNGARY. GORGEY SURRENDERED TO RUSSIA.

Kossuth is determined to continue the struggle.

The brave Hungarians have been defeated on all points. The precise details have not been received, but of the fact that the Hungarians have been forced to lay down their arms unconditionally there is no doubt. The Hungarian diet has been dissolved.

A meeting including Kossuth, Gorgey, and Bem, subsequently took place at or near Arad, at which it was determined at once to put an end to the war as sanguinary and useless.

Kossuth and Bem were in favor of continuing the war. They have escaped. Gorgey had surrendered himself. Kossuth determined to continue the struggle.

The Vienna accounts by way of Warsaw, of August 15th, states that the Hungarian Diet had surrendered their powers to Gorgey and dissolved itself.

From a Vienna letter of the 17th, it appears that Kossuth intends to hold out to the last.

He has published a proclamation announcing the translation of his government from Arad to Orshova, where he is now protected by the Hungarian army by the Baik. Gorgey surrendered to Paskewitch under one condition, that the prince should intercede with the Russian Emperor, for himself, his troops and his country. It is asserted that Gorgey's desperate resolution was prompted by the Hussars.

It was rumored that the Emperor of Russia had set a price of 60,000 rubles (\$44,100) on Kossuth, dead or alive.

It is asserted by some of the ardent friends of Hungary that Gorgey had proved a traitor, and yielded to the golden arguments of Russia.

Kossuth's wife and family had fallen into the hands of the Imperialist troops.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times of August 18, says:

An impost report of the 8th from Col. Doessner, who is at Hymansdt, gives the particulars of what has taken place in the south of Transylvania, since the 4th, on which date Bem was at Dalzalma.

After Bem's defeat at Scharburg he proceeded to Medgyes, which he reached on the 3d, with a force of 3,000 men and 17 guns, having been joined at this place by an auxiliary corps consisting of 4,000 foot, 500 horse and 12 guns, he proceeded towards Hamanstadt.

Gen. Hassford, who had been left with 6 battalions, 8 guns and 350 Cossacks to protect Hamanstadt, had gone to Reims, Lullienback where he gained the victory mentioned yesterday over the insurgent Gen. Sternell.

This having been made known to Gen. Luders, by his scouts, he foresaw that Bem would fall upon Hassford, drive him into Lullachio, and then take possession of Hamanstadt.

Nothing remained to be done but to pursue Bem with all speed. Before Luders could overtake him he learned that Hassford had been attacked and driven from his position, and after a murderous battle in the streets of Hamanstadt, in which he had many killed and wounded, he was obliged to retire to Salmacks.

On the 6th M. Luders' army stood before Hamanstadt—6 battalions of the enemy, 500 horse and 18 guns, occupying the neighboring heights. A considerable reserve had been left in the rear, and the remainder of the army had been in pursuit of Hassford.

A battle ensued, which ended in a complete route of the Magyars. The Prussian cavalry put such an attempt to resist to the sword.

The enemy lost 1,200 prisoners, and 14 guns in this battle, and 60